

Our Dumb Animals.

U. S. Trade Mark, Registered.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



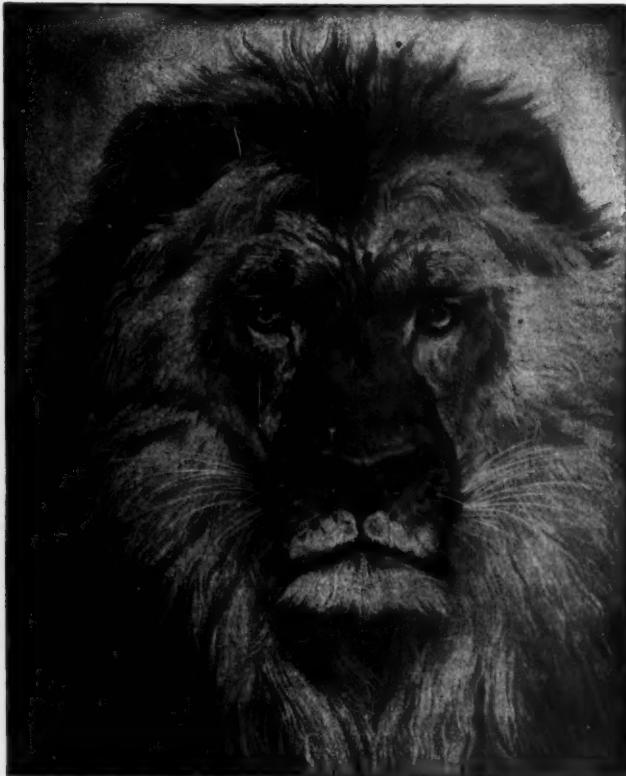
CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 40.

Boston, July, 1907.

No. 2.



WAR.
ROSA BONHEUR.



PEACE.
ROSA BONHEUR.

HORSES AND GRASS.

A famous veterinary surgeon declares that grass beats all the drugs in creation as a cure for sick horses and mules. Horses should have a few quarts of grass daily, from spring until fall, he says. The prevalent notion that it is harmful is idiotic and cruel. Grass to horses is the same as fresh vegetables and fruit to us. Their craving for it proves their need of it. Yet ignorant, unfeeling drivers yank them away from it as if it were poison instead of the life-giving medicine it is, designed by their Maker for them. When they gnaw the bark of trees or eat leaves it is because they crave grass and can't get it. Millions of bushels of grass go to waste yearly by the wayside which should be utilized for our noble, faithful, helpless, dumb servants, the horses, thus making them healthy and happy.

The Buffalo Horse World.

OUR BOSTON WORK-HORSE PARADE.

Our Boston Work-Horse Parade on Memorial Day, May 30th, [the best we have ever had] was a glorious success, an honor to the city of Boston, and to all those who promoted and took part in it. Among the medals given was a gold one by our M. S. P. C. A. and a silver one by our American Humane Education Society. As we rode down the long line and looked into the happy faces of hundreds of horses with no cruel check-reins and no docked tails, and then into the happy faces of the thousands of spectators, it seemed to us that there could not be a spot in Massachusetts where there was greater happiness on Memorial Day than at this parade. It seemed to us almost like a foretaste of the millennium. But then again came to us the thought, now if some rascally politician shall contrive to get us into one of these devilish wars that curse both mankind and animals, then many of these happy horses with thousands of others will be sent out to die on battle-fields, mangled by shot and shell, or left on the long marches to die of starvation. God forbid that any such thing shall happen during the remainder of our life-time, and God grant that Peace on Earth, Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature may prevent all such happenings in the future. GEO. T. ANGELL.

WITHIN THREE HUNDRED FEET.

Within three hundred feet of the grand stand of our annual work-horse parades is the drinking fountain we caused to be erected in memory of Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford. Hundreds of working horses drink there every day in summer and winter. We have seen fourteen working horses standing around it at one time drinking and waiting to drink. We hope the spirit of Mrs. Gifford is conscious of the happiness her generous gift is giving every day. It makes us happy every time we go by it and remember how it happened to be erected there: We were going on to New York to address the annual meeting of the American Social Science Association and were earnestly invited to stop over at New Haven and address the legislature of Connecticut which was then in session there. There were present at our address several ladies, and among them an elderly lady by the name of Maret, who we learned was very much interested in the protection of animals and resided near our hotel. Finding the next morning that we had a little time before taking the train for New York, we thought we would call on this lady and received a very warm welcome. Among her questions were, "Who pays your expenses, Mr. Angell, in travelling over the country and giving addresses?" We replied that we had always paid our own, having received no pecuniary compensation from anybody. She died a few months later and in her will left us a thousand dollars. We put that at once into a little tract which we named after her, "The Maret Tract," and which bore the title of "Five Questions Answered," and with her thousand dollars

printed and sent off about eighty thousand copies of this tract. This so much pleased her daughter, Mrs. Ellen M. Gifford, that she sent us twenty thousand dollars to establish the Brighton Home for Animals and at her death left to the corporation of the Brighton Home about one hundred thousand dollars and to us thirty thousand dollars to hold in trust for the Home, and twenty-five thousand dollars to use as we saw fit to carry on our humane work. We thought we could in no way better testify our gratitude than by erecting this most beautiful fountain which bears her name, on the corner of Brookline, Brighton and Beacon avenues, within three hundred feet of the grand stand of the work-horse parades.

When with the aid of our good friend, Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist, we had the privilege of addressing the great Maryland Sunday School Convention at Baltimore, we had some thousands of copies of this Maret Tract distributed to the audience, and we should be glad to have all our readers who have never read these "Five Questions Answered" write us for a copy. GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR EIGHTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY AND TWO DRAMAS OF BLACK BEAUTY.

On June 5th we reached the age of eighty-four and celebrated our eighty-fifth birthday by answering lots of important letters and dictating editorials for this paper, with a short trip to the Massachusetts Hospital Life Insurance Company, State Street, to draw our annuity which we bought there some thirty years ago. If we had died at 54 or 64, or even 74, it might not have been a bad investment for the company, but at 84 [with a good prospect, as our doctor says, of being able to continue our work five years longer] it seems to be more profitable to us than the company. We had a good many kind remembrances from kind friends. The beautiful flowers we distributed to make others happy, including in our gifts some twenty persons to whom they were a most welcome luxury. From a New York lady came a hundred dollars to aid the work of our American Humane Education Society. On our table we found the decision of our three eminent theatrical critics, awarding with great praise the prize of our American Humane Education Society for the best drama of Black Beauty to Miss Flavia Rosser of Butler, Bates County, Missouri, and had the pleasure of writing her that on reception of her reply we would send her a check for one thousand dollars. We expect to have this drama seen by more than a thousand, and perhaps more than ten thousand audiences in our country and elsewhere, while at the same time another drama of Black Beauty is to be used at various Boston and other theatres the coming fall. And then it gave us special pleasure to receive a beautifully printed and bound volume of seven hundred and eighty-three pages, entitled "Gillette's Social Redemption," a review of world-wide conditions as they exist to-day, with a new remedy for the evils they exhibit, written by Melvin L. Severy, author of various publications, and a sketch of whose life appears in "Who's Who in America?" Personally we were deeply interested in the pages he has given in this book to a description of the war on adulterations we carried on some twenty-five years ago at a personal cost to ourselves of hundreds of dollars in money and thousands of dollars in time. Also to a review in *Our Dumb Animals* of May, 1905, of what the newspapers said about President Roosevelt's hunting expedition at the west, which led to that issue of *Our Dumb Animals* being thrown out of the public schools of Washington, D. C., a fact about which nearly every American newspaper and some European ones had more or less to say. Our impression is that this valuable book is to obtain a wide circulation and exercise an important influence. And then came the reporters from our Boston dailies, whom

we are always glad to see and who always seem glad to see us, and in whom we always feel an additional interest because we ourselves [when we began the practice of law] was a reporter of law matters for three Boston papers. Last of all our doctor dropped in in the evening for a pleasant call and assured the last reporter who was about leaving that while he should not limit *our life* to five years longer, he thought we might be able to do good work during the next five years. We doubt whether anybody else in Boston has had the past year a happier eighty-fifth birthday than we had, for which we are greatly indebted to the kind care of our good wife, and profoundly grateful that our life has been spared so long and our blessings have been so great.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Among our kind birthday remembrances are the two following:

Guelph, Ontario,
Geo. T. Angell, Esq.,
Boston, Mass. June 5, 1907.

Dear Friend: *Three thousand* girls and boys of Wellington County, Ontario, Band of Mercy members send greetings to you on your birthday, and express the hope that you may be spared yet many years to us all.

Yours most sincerely,
P. C. L. HARRIS.
Inspector.

A GREAT AND NOBLE WORK.

[From North Adams (Mass.) Transcript of June 8th, 1907.]

No intelligent person doubts that great good has been accomplished by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It was founded years ago by George T. Angell, its present head, who a few days ago reached his eighty-fourth birthday. While the work of the society has had its legal phase, as was necessary, its greatest accomplishment has been in the line of education. Through the written and the spoken word the public has been brought to a realization of the nobleness of the society's mission, and of the beauty and benefits of kindness to animals. Mr. Angell's work in this field, in which he is still actively engaged in spite of his weight of years, has brought him many honors, and he is known the length and breadth of the land as one of its greatest benefactors. The *Troy Press* paid him the following tribute on his birthday:

"George T. Angell, of Boston, founder of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, was born eighty-four years ago to-day, and still is accomplishing a noble work in his chosen field. In promoting the protection of the animal kingdom he has elevated humanity, for a high order of manhood or womanhood cannot be reconciled with cruelty to other parts of God's creation. Without injustice to anybody, it is safe to say Mr. Angell has done a greater and better work for the animal kingdom than any other person living. His enthusiasm has been supplemented by indefatigable industry, excellent judgment and rare organizing ability. Millions of dumb creatures have been treated more tenderly as the result of the immense influence exerted by Mr. Angell through his organizations and writings. Although more than a dozen years older than Speaker Cannon, age sits lightly upon George T. Angell, and he continues to be healthy, active and happy in doing good."

It is worth while to have lived such a life and performed such a work. In the natural order of events Mr. Angell cannot much longer continue the work he has done so faithfully and well, but the noble cause he espoused has secured such a firm hold on the minds and hearts of the people that it will live when he is gone and continue to bless all living creatures, human and dumb.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

Lithia,
Shelby County,
Ill.,
June 13, 1907.

My dear friend
Geo. T. Angell.

I always read *Our Dumb Animals* among the first of my exchanges. This June number is intensely interesting. How could this country do without this brave, merciful, humane monthly?

JASPER L.
DOUTHIT,

Editor of *Our Best
Words and Min-
ister at Large*,
Manager Lithia
Springs, Chan-
tauqua.



WINNERS OF THE LAWRENCE MEDAL AT THE BOSTON WORK-HORSE PARADE.

THE PRIZE DRAMA OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

The story of "Black Beauty" has been carried [through the influence of our American Humane Education Society] all over the civilized world, and the millions who have read it will be glad to see it on the theatrical stage, and we are led to believe that this prize drama, for which we are paying a thousand dollars, and another drama which was not offered in competition, will reach thousands, and perhaps tens of thousands, of theatrical audiences. Following is the report of the committee of theatrical critics [as good as we could obtain in Boston] which consisted of Mr. Edward H. Clement, of the *Boston Transcript*, Mr. Frederick E. Goodrich, of the *Boston Post*, and Mr. Sidney C. Williams, of the *Boston Advertiser*.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Boston, June 3, 1907.

Geo. T. Angell, Esq.,
President of the American Humane
Education Society.

Dear Sir,—The jury of theatrical critics of the Boston daily press, assembled in council over the thirteen MSS. competing for the prize of \$1,000 offered by The American Humane Education Society for the best and most interesting dramatization of "Black Beauty," having long since read the plays and now come to the comparison of our judgments, report that there has been complete agreement; that the great majority of the pieces are unworthy of serious consideration; that but four are at all within the category of dramatic composition; and that the best of these by far is that signed "Humanitas." This might be the work of some mature and cultivated English writer of fiction; it is marked by the charm of literary style; it has distinction, elegance, grace and fine feeling; becomes really interesting from the clear conception and drawing of the characters, who are therefore followed with sympathy; the dramatic situations are natural and simple yet effective. The plot is of human interest and the incidents have real life in them. Moreover there is a distinct vein of refined comedy such as was found in no one of the other MSS. The fact that this play gives opportunity for strong and individualizing characterizations suggests that it be placed in the hands of some expert playwright, an adapter, a "carpenter" for the stage, with the hope and expectation that a fine acting play, admirably calculated to popularize the teach-

ings of the humanitarian movement might result.

E. H. CLEMENT.
FREDERICK E. GOODRICH.
SIDNEY C. WILLIAMS.

THE FIRST PRESENTATION OF OUR THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE PLAY OF "BLACK BEAUTY."

Where the first presentation of this play will be given we shall perhaps be able to announce in our next issue. One Boston theatrical manager has already written us that he wants the play. Our good friend, Edwin R. Weeks, President of the Kansas City (Missouri) Humane Society, writes us that he wants to have its first presentation in the great Convention Hall of Kansas City [the largest hall in America and perhaps in the world], in which at one time they have had a meeting of twenty-five thousand Band of Mercy children and about fifteen thousand adults, some forty thousand in all. Our American Humane Education Society has carried the circulation of the Book to over three millions—probably more than ten millions of people have read the Book, and they will all want to see the play.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

Señorita Huidobro has during the month, in the interest of our American Humane Education Society, been giving her famous lecture on "The Christ of the Andes" to deeply interested audiences. Her address is Hotel Radcliffe, 116 Huntington Avenue. We look forward anxiously to the time when there shall go out from Rome to all Christian nations a suggestion that on their boundary lines shall be erected colossal statues of Christ similar to that erected on the boundary line of Chili and Argentina, with the understanding that no more wars shall take place between such nations until the statue of Christ has been taken down and destroyed.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

(From *The Baltimore Herald*.)

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

The following most comforting account of the treaty between our neighbors of South America, which we copy from *Our Dumb Animals*, of Boston, has thrilled us with admiration and delight. It is a most gratifying pleasure to anticipate the final outcome of this

conciliation of national disputes and the ultimate adoption of arbitration and amity which is most undoubtedly destined to supplant the horrors and barbarous usages of war. We regret that we do not have the beautiful picture of the Christ that has been erected on the summit of the Andes to mark the adjusted and settled boundary between the jarring nations. The idea is awe-inspiring. It is original and solemnly unique. It is as the sword which guarded the portals of Eden, and no sacrilegious man will ever dare to put forth his impious hand to demolish the image of the Redeemer of mankind:

"In our June paper I propose to offer in behalf of our American Humane Education Society a prize of One Thousand Dollars for the best drama which shall carry to ten thousand theatrical audiences in our country and elsewhere the teachings of "The Christ of the Andes," and to follow that with another prize offer of One Thousand Dollars for the best story that can be written showing the folly and wickedness of war, to which we shall hope to give a circulation of over three millions as we have already to the famous book, *Black Beauty*.
GEO. T. ANGELL."

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES.

(Colossal Statue on boundary line be-
tween Chili and Argentina.)

See, where it stands in its beauty,

Where the earliest sunbeams shine;
Tall and stately and splendid;

The Christ of the Boundary Line!

Forbidden the evil impulse

That leadeth to pain and crime;
United the faith of nations,

A compact everlasting Time!

Telling the coming of Man,

Who is born in the Image Divine;
Like a grand, full, chord of music,

The Christ of the Boundary Line!

As we view this beautiful statue

From the mountain paths below,

As we see its Face supernal

In the sunbeams latest glow;

'Twixt erstwhile warring nations

Of a present peace the sign;

A psalm and a prayer in marble;

The Christ of the Boundary Line!"

Between man's state of error
 And the Kingdom of the Saint;
 Between God's perfect freedom
 And our mortal mind's restraint;
 Builded the Image and Likeness;
 In each human heart the sign;
 Redeeming the race from bondage;
 The Christ of the Boundary Line!

LELIA B. HEWES,
 Middletown, N. Y.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN INTERESTED IN THE PEACE MOVEMENT?

How long have you been interested in the peace movement, Mr. Angell?

Answer: On March 30th, 1869, I gave an address to a large audience in our Boston Music Hall, the closing words of which were these:—

OUR PLAN.

If I had the power I would not limit this work to the state or the country. I should be glad to carry it around the world. But the state for the present is our field, and this the plan: To have agents in all parts of the state; to make our paper as interesting as possible, and then to put it so far as possible into every home in the state; to have its best articles and stories reprinted in the reading books used in the schools of the state; so far as possible to induce teachers, and the people generally, to hang up in school-houses and homes beautiful pictures of animals, and illustrating kindness to them; to have appropriate songs written and set to music, to be sung by the children; to have prizes for humanity, as well as scholarship; to have every child taught, as soon as it can be taught anything, to be kind and merciful to all creatures. And I believe that such measures, universally adopted throughout the state, would not only insure protection and kindness to animals, but would accomplish as much for the public peace and the suppression of every species of violence, as the criminal code of the state enforced by its constabulary and police.

QUAKERS.

I would here call your attention for one moment to the history of a religious sect or denomination with which you are familiar; not to speak of its sectarian belief, for this society is the advocate of no sect or party, but I would simply call your attention to the fact that the society to which I refer, known as the Friends or Quakers, has been eminently distinguished for the humane education of its children, and then would ask how much it has ever cost this Commonwealth or this nation to punish crimes or protect society from crimes committed by Quakers? And I would again call your attention to the fact that in the early history of our country, while the other colonies were involved in fierce and bloody wars with Indians, Wm. Penn, the great Quaker of his day, maintained during his whole life-time the most friendly relations with the tribes about him, and then again would ask whether any nation has ever discovered a more economical method of preventing crimes, riots, bloodshed and war, than that practiced by the Quakers, illustrated by Wm. Penn, adorned by our own Whittier, and endorsed by our own new president in his selection of Quakers as Indian agents to take charge of our western tribes. As regards the necessity of war, it is not my purpose to speak. In the present condition of things war may be at times unavoidable. But in considering its consequences and the possible means of its prevention, while we remember the soldiers who died for their country and the slaves who died for freedom, I cannot forget that great multitude of dumb creatures created by the same Infinite Father who without surgeons, hospitals or sanitary commission, falling exhausted by the waysides, or mangled by shot or shell, were left on the battlefields and in the wilderness.

THE MEANING OF OUR WORK.

The work of this society means more than at first sight appears. On its Board of Officers you find the Republican governor of the state, the Democratic mayor of the city, the Roman Catholic bishop, the Protestant bishop, and so on. As you glance down its list of names you will find Protestant and Catholic, Orthodox and Heterodox, men and women of all churches and no church working amicably together. The work of our society means more than at first sight appears. It does not expect to accomplish all its plans in a day or a year. It does not wish or claim to be the only instrumentality of their accomplishment, but it aims at a no less result than to unite all sects and parties on a common platform, to elevate the moral and humane character of the state, and to hasten the dawning of that era foretold by prophets and prayed for by the good of all ages, the millennial era of peace on earth and good will to all creatures which God, in his goodness, for his own wise purposes, has seen fit to create.

Again, in my address to the international congress of our societies held at Zurich, Switzerland, on August, 1869, my closing words were these:—

"Our society is now striving [after naming other things] to unite all religious and political parties on one platform, for the purpose of carrying a humane literature and education into all the schools of the country, and thus not only insure the protection of animals, but also the prevention of crime, unnecessary wars, and forms of violence. When the leading minds of all nations shall act together on this subject, and the nations shall be humanely educated, wars between nations will end." These two addresses were given by me nearly forty years ago.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

On pages 21, 22 and 23 of our "Autobiographical Sketches" will be found a description of our addresses at London, in June, 1869, before The Royal Society and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and friends, resulting in the publication of *The Animal World* [which we had the privilege of helping to name, and which is now widely circulated over the British Empire], also of the Humane Education Committee, over which the Baroness has ever since presided.

At our first hearing before the Baroness Burdett-Coutts and friends came the question, "Shall you see the Empress Eugenie in Paris about this?"

This inquiry led me to think that I would like to have an interview with her and the Emperor for two purposes—first, to put before her the same plans I had put before the Baroness Coutts; and second, this: The Emperor had publicly declared, "*The Empire means peace;*" and it seemed to me that if he could be induced to propose to the leading powers of Europe to disarm a certain equal percentage of their respective standing armies, say ten per cent., to begin with, one of two things must happen:—

Either his proposition would be accepted, and he would have in all future history the credit of having inaugurated this great movement; or it would be rejected, in which case he would have the almost equally great honor of having attempted its inauguration.

His Imperial Highness Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, cousin to the Emperor, resided at London, and was the first vice-president of the Royal Society P. C. A. Mr. Colam proposed to obtain for me from him letters of introduction to the Emperor and Empress. But his Imperial Highness was away. Time rolled on. Prince Napoleon of Paris shot and killed Victor Noir, the French revolutionist; and then came quickly those troubles that ended only with the German war, the conquest of France, and the death of the Emperor. Even if I had received the letters of introduction, it was probably too late; for all Germany, as I afterwards learned, was at that

moment one great military camp, ready to march at an hour's notice, even the surgical instruments for each regiment being carefully packed (as I was told by a German medical man) and ready for instant use.

I have mentioned that Prince Napoleon shot and killed Victor Noir, the French revolutionist, who called upon him as bearer of a challenge to fight a duel with another French revolutionist. I was in Paris at the time. Some eighty thousand French workmen attended Victor Noir's funeral just outside the city walls, and bore his body on their shoulders to the grave; then they entered the city and marched down the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées towards the palace of the Tuilleries. It was feared that there would be bloodshed. But just as the great procession came opposite the Palace of Industry and almost in sight of the Emperor's palace, suddenly a body of *gens d'armes* filed across the street; immediately behind them wheeled in a battalion of cavalry, and behind them within quick call, infantry and artillery; then the drums were beaten three times, which is the French method of reading the riot act; and immediately the eighty thousand vanished, the streets were empty and Paris was safe. The Emperor could control Paris, though he could not keep out the German.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE HAGUE CONGRESS.

The Hague Congress may do and we hope will do much good, but there is only one way to secure permanent peace between all nations, and that is by humanely educating the children of all nations as our American Humane Education Society [first of its kind in the world] is seeking to do, and for which it is endeavoring to convince the public that every dollar given not only for the prevention of wars but also for the prevention of incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE GROWING POWER OF WOMAN.

When in 1868 I called a meeting in my offices to organize the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it seemed to be thought by nearly all present that Mrs. William Appleton [who had done more to help me than any person in Boston], could not be put on our board of directors because she was so unfortunate as to be a woman, and so, as the best thing we could do, we elected her husband to take her place. To be a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society is the test of scholarship in our colleges and universities, and we have seen within a day or two that fourteen young ladies in Boston University have been elected to be Phi Beta Kappa members, and only one young man. And now this morning comes to our table a decision of our three eminent theatrical critics, that after a careful examination of the thirteen dramas sent in, in response to the offer of our American Humane Education Society of a thousand dollars for the best play of "Black Beauty," the prize has been won by Miss Flavia Rosser of Butler, Bates County, Missouri, and that this play, in the opinion of the theatrical critics, will have a most welcome reception at the theatres of our country and elsewhere. "Beautiful Joe," which has already reached a circulation of hundreds of thousands, and been translated into several foreign languages, was written in response to a prize offer of our American Humane Education Society, by a woman, and "Black Beauty," which our American Humane Education Society has carried up to a circulation of more than three millions copies, in our own, most European, and three Asiatic languages, was also written, as our readers know, by a woman. It would not be strange, in the progress of humane education and humanity, if the time should come when in our Halls of Fame will stand the statues of more women than men.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CALIFORNIA.

A California lady writes asking us to send large quantities of our humane publications to be given away at a great National Teachers' Convention to be held at Los Angeles, and we answer as follows:

My dear Madam,—In answer to your kind favor received, I would say that we have in past years sent at a large cost to the National Teachers' Conventions held at Chicago, Milwaukee, and I think Kansas City, Mo., hundreds of thousands of copies of our humane publications, but the demands upon us have become so great that while the receipts of our two humane societies last year were only \$54,248.41 their payments were \$61,213.83, making the payments last year nearly *seven thousand dollars* more than the receipts, and under the circumstances it seems to us that the people of the great and rich state of California ought to be able to order our publications at the bare cost of printing them, or supply other publications of their own in their place. I see in a San Francisco paper that comes to my table this morning that two of the San Francisco Savings and Loan Societies, the Hibernia and the German, have deposits of nearly one hundred millions of dollars, but on reflection I have concluded to send you for distribution to the teachers, at a cost of nearly fifty dollars to our American Humane Education Society, publications relating to "The Christ of the Andes," a great Band of Mercy meeting in Kansas City, Mo., at which about *twenty-five thousand* children were present, and the good results which came from one Band of Mercy established in San Francisco.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A GOOD DEAL OF MONEY.

Dear Mr. Angell: I understand that you have a good deal of money in your two Humane Societies. Answer: We have received a good deal from kind friends and with it have done and are doing a vast amount of humane work. It costs a good deal of money to send out *seventy to eighty thousand copies* of this paper [Our Dumb Animals] every month to every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, and the tens of thousands of others, as appears on our last page. It costs a good deal to send out *hundreds of thousands of copies* of "Black Beauty" and our other humane publications. It costs a good deal to furnish humane outfits to *thousands of new Bands of Mercy* every year. It costs a good deal to employ Band of Mercy organizers to visit and address *hundreds of schools* and secure Band of Mercy days in which all take part. It costs a good deal to employ our prosecuting agents and pay their salaries and travelling expenses all over the state. It costs considerable to offer prizes for humane stories and essays. The receipts of our two societies last year were *five-four thousand two hundred and forty-eight dollars and forty-one cents*, and their payments were *sixty-one thousand two hundred and thirteen dollars and eighty-three cents*. The payments were *six thousand nine hundred and sixty-five dollars and forty-two cents* more than the receipts.

While our work has been and is very large it ought to be ten times larger, not only for the protection of animals, but through humane education in all our schools for the protection of lives and property from incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, dynamite bombs, and every form of outrage and crime. We need a million of dollars at this moment to be used in our humane work, and every additional dollar we receive gives us so much more power to increase it.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?"

"Please, ma'am," answered the girl, "I don't live now—I'm married."

OUR AUDIENCE.

We talk every month to [among others] the editors of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably not less than sixty millions of readers, and we have the best reasons for believing that nearly every copy we send to them is read. We intend that nothing shall go into our paper that does not contain in the most condensed words some important and interesting thought, and we are so particular that when our printer some years ago ventured to fill a few lines of space without consulting us, he had to destroy all he printed and begin again.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



ROVER IN CHURCH.

Twas a Sunday morning in early May,
A beautiful, sunny, quiet day,
And all the village, old and young,
Had trooped to church when the church bell rung.
The windows were open, and breezes sweet
Fluttered the hymn books from seat to seat.
Even the birds in the pale-leaved birch
Sang as softly as if in church!

Right in the midst of the minister's prayer
There came a knock at the door. "Who's there,
I wonder?" the gray-haired sexton thought,
As his careful ear the tapping caught.
Rap-pap, rap-rap—a louder sound,
The boys on the back seats turned around.
What could it mean? for never before
Had any one knocked at the old church door.

Again the tapping, and now so loud,
The minister paused (though his head was bowed).
Rap-pet-y-rap! This will never do,
The girls are peeping, and laughing too!
So the sexton tripped o'er the creaking floor,
Lifted the latch and opened the door.

In there trotted a big black dog,
As big as a bear! With a solemn jog
Right up the centre aisle he pattered;
People might stare, it little mattered.
Straight he went to a little maid,
Who blushed and hid, as though afraid,
And there sat down, as if to say,
"I'm sorry that I was late to-day,
But better late than never, you know;
Beside, I waited an hour or so,
And couldn't get them to open the door
Till I wagged my tail and bumped the floor.
Now, little mistress, I'm going to stay,
And hear what the minister has to say."

The poor little girl hid her face and cried!
But the big dog nestled close to her side,
And kissed her, dog fashion, tenderly,
Wondering what the matter could be!
The dog being large [and the sexton small],
He sat through the sermon, and heard it all,
As solemn and wise as any one there,
With a very dignified, scholarly air!
And instead of scolding, the minister said,
As he laid his hand on the sweet child's head,
After the service, "I never knew
Two better list'ners than Rover and you!"

James Buckham.

The above picture represents a costly fountain of Red Beach granite, designed by Dr. Franklin Couch of Dalton, Mass., and presented by Mrs. Franklin Couch to the town. Mrs. Couch's son, Franklin, heading a procession of about one hundred and fifty children of the Young Defenders' league of Dalton marched to the fountain, where appropriate songs were sung and an address [enthusiastically cheered] was given by Mrs. Huntington Smith, president of the Boston Animal Rescue League. Master Couch's pony, Dixie, was the first to drink at the fountain, and Gypsy, one of Mrs. Couch's English setters, was the first to drink from the bowl of the fountain near the ground. It was a delightful entertainment, a thousand times better than the firing of crackers and torpedoes on Fourth of July. From the *Springfield Republican* we learn that on each end of the fountain beautifully carved is a horse's head, and on each side a dog lies at full length gazing at the drinking bowl. One side of the fountain bears the inscription: "That mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me," and on the other side, "Taught by that Power that pities me, I learn to pity them."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

DISARMAMENT.
Put up the sword! The voice of Christ once more
Speaks, in the pauses of the cannon's roar,
O'er fields of corn by fiery sickles reaped
And left dry ashes; over trenches heaped
With nameless dead; o'er cities starving slow
Under a rain of fire; through wards of woe
Down which a groaning diapason runs
From tortured brothers, husbands, lovers, sons,
Of desolate women in their far-off homes
Waiting to hear the step that never comes!
O men and brothers! let that voice be heard.
War fails, try peace; put up the useless sword!

John G. Whittier.

My wife and I at the window one day
Stood watching the organ man's monkey,
When a cart came along in which a boy
Sat driving a long-eared donkey.
Said I to my wife by way of a joke:
"There's your relative in that carriage."
She glanced at the donkey and made reply:
"Ah, yes—we're related by marriage."
Chicago Daily News.

STRONG WORDS ON THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

We republish the following from an article written by Rev. N. Southwick Hill, of Orleans, Mass., published in the *Yarmouth (Mass.) Register* of May 11, 1907:

The facts are these: Five millions of people in China are starving. Several millions of peasants in Eastern Russia are helpless and hungry, having eaten their seed grain, sold their animals, burned their houses for fuel, and are now huddled together in villages, hopeless, in direst extremity. And the invitation goes out to the civilized world to lend a helping hand. In this emergency the United States can certainly be counted on to be generous. But while relief will be accorded, why not strike at the root of this *Upas tree and demand that war shall be banished among the nations of the earth?* For the major part of this needless suffering is traceable to the terrible holocaust of blood.

Coming nearer home, we Americans have an object lesson, suggestive, to say the least. Despite the note of peace so ably sounded in our country the Jamestown exposition looms up as a huge travesty! It is simply a tribute to "militarism," and in our twentieth century civilization it is a bungling graft of mediæval feudalism. It is un-American, root and branch. As exploited there is degeneracy of national ideals, a departure from the landmarks of Washington and Jefferson; expansion verging in centralization; a trend of power that would have delighted Napoleon Bonaparte in the zenith of his mad career.

Of the thirty-eight items specified in the list of "attractions" at Jamestown, Va., eighteen of them are purely military. To specify in briefest compass ponder well the feast to which our nation is invited.

- (1) "The greatest military spectacle the world has ever seen."
- (2) "The greatest gathering of war-ships in the history of the world."
- (3) "Prize drills by the soldiers of all nations and by picked regiments of the United States."

(4) "The largest military parade ground in the world."

(5) "The greatest array of gorgeous military uniforms of all nations ever seen in any country."

(6) "More members of royalty of different countries than have ever assembled in peace or war."

(7) "A great living picture of war with all its enticing splendors."

Is it to be wondered at that the Roman Catholic church, speaking through his Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, numerous Episcopal bishops, the representatives of divers religious communions and the best and wisest of our American statesmen, have filed their protest, but in vain? Surely strenuousness has reached its tether in the last ditch and there must be a moral reaction.

On soil consecrated to Washington and Patrick Henry, to say nothing of eminent Virginians, with representatives of all nations of the world assembling at the Hague for the second great international peace congress and the Jamestown exposition in full blast, "What are we Americans at?"

Thirteen years hence when we celebrate the ter-centenary of the Pilgrims, let us trust that we shall have emerged out of our national barbarism.

May there be sanity enough to realize that butchery, whether abroad or at home, is the highway of national lunacy.

In our last issue we suggested that foreign exhibitors may consider our Jamestown celebration to be a "Glorification Humbug." We have seen nothing thus far to change that opinion, and the drowning of six midshipmen and five seamen returning from a dancing party there suggests that the officers and crews of our navy, instead of being kept near mala-

rious Jamestown to fire presidential salutes and go to dancing parties, had better be employed this summer in exploring our coast lines so that three of our costly vessels shall not again, while steaming out of New York harbor on a perfectly clear, bright Sunday, be run into a mud-bank, nor another steaming up the Chesapeake be run into a sand-bank.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE SONG OF THE WAR-FIEND.

Ha! ha! Ha! ha! for the feast of blood,
For the carnival of gore,
When men shall fight, by day and night,
And slay on sea and shore.
'Kill, kill!' 'Kill, kill!' is my order shrill,
And the mind of man is mad;
And the angel of Grace doth hide her face,
And the soul of Peace is sad.

The powers of hell will aid me well
As I fiercely rise from sleep;
Riches and skill shall obey my will,
The harvest of Death to reap.
*The joys that Peace in a hundred years
Has earned, in a day I'll take;*
I'll gaily scream as the cannons gleam,
And a million hearts shall break.

Yet what care I for the widow's cry,
Or the orphan's feeble wail?
When the ocean tide with blood is dyed,
And the fire sweeps hill and dale.
*And little I care for the mother's prayer,
When her son lies cold and stark,*
For deep is the death from the blasting breath,
When the war-dogs wildly bark.

And glassy eyes shall gaze at the skies,
Mute lips to Heaven appeal;
*And the likeness of God be crushed to the sod,
'Neath the tramp of the war-fiend's heel.*
Ha! ha! Ha! ha! for the feast of blood,
For the carnival of gore,
When men shall fight, by day and night,
And slay on sea and shore.

London Echo.

THE PICKET GUARD.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."

"Tis nothing; a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—*only one of the men,*
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.

A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
As he thinks of the two in the low trundle bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.

His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,—
The night when the love, yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.

Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary;

Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.

Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it the moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle. "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night—
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

In the June 5th [our birthday] issue of the Washington, D. C., *Club Fellow and Mirror of Society* comes to our table the most severe attack on the "blood-letting mania" of President Roosevelt we have ever seen. If in his boyhood he had been humanely educated in a Band of Mercy, probably he would have written very differently about the starving cattle on Western ranches and the shooting of animals *simply for the fun of wounding and killing them*. He would not be so anxious to put rifles into the hands of American schoolboys that they might be better prepared to shoot human beings, and he would not be engaged in his present controversy with the Reverend Wm. J. Long, whose charming stories of animal life are giving pleasure to thousands of readers. But if he had been so educated very likely he would never have been assistant secretary of the navy, or we have been plunged into the Cuban and Philippine wars, or he have been President of the United States, or our paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, have been shut out from the Washington public schools, or the Jamestown celebration have been planned so much against the wishes of many eminent Christian peace men, both Catholic and Protestant.

We tried very hard to prevent Mr. Roosevelt's being appointed assistant secretary of the navy because [as we wrote Governor Long] we felt sure if he received that appointment we should get into a war with somebody about something. We failed, and the Cuban and Philippine wars, in addition to their cruelty to horses, have cost thousands of human lives, hundreds of millions of dollars, an enormous increase of our pension list, and the end is not yet. There can be no doubt of President Roosevelt's courage to lead a Balaclava charge of the six hundred, or explore the bottom of the Atlantic in a submarine, or float over the top of the Washington monument in an air-ship to test the military value of that kind of navigation, and there can be no doubt that he has done much good work since he became president and we hope he may do much more before the end of his term. But we cannot help thinking of him as a powder-mill liable at any time to explode and do vast damage, and we most earnestly wish [as we suggested some months since] that he might have in his cabinet as *secretary of peace* some strong man to whose wise counsels he would respectfully listen, and that he may studiously avoid everything which could plunge our nation into another war. Telling of the controversy between President Roosevelt and the Reverend Mr. Long, the editor of the *Mirror* writes: "One only has to read the books of the two men to determine upon which side of the scales lies the verity of this controversy. Long went into the untracked wilderness practically alone and unarmed, bent on the study of animals in their native lairs, with the love of the dumb brutes in his heart and a desire to know them and impart his studies to his fellow-men. Roosevelt, on the other hand, went afield armed to the teeth with a repeating rifle, etc. His books are steeped in the blood of wanton slaughter and he revels in the telling of the wounding of beasts, the killing of fawns and mother animals and of the disregard of the unwritten laws of camp life in shooting down animals which strayed within camp confines. Far from being the foremost authority on Ameri-

can mammals, Theodore Roosevelt has written himself down as being not even a true sportsman. That he cannot tolerate criticism one has but to recall the events which led to his having Geo. T. Angell's paper, devoted to the prevention of cruelty to animals, debarred from schools because the Boston philanthropist saw fit to rebuke the president for his wanton slaughter of dumb beasts."

We are not aware that our paper was shut out from the Washington schools by order of the president, as it appears to have been upon the order of the superintendent of the public schools because we ventured to attack the president's hunting expedition at the west. But we ought to feel profoundly grateful to whoever caused the order to be issued as it attracted the attention of nearly every newspaper in America [all of which receive our paper every month] and also many in Europe, and was perhaps the most valuable advertisement our paper ever received. We are sorry to lose the public schools of the city of Washington, but we have several hundreds of new subscriptions from the state of Washington, and the demands for our paper have become so large that we printed last month eighty thousand copies.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ROOSEVELT.

We have been somewhat surprised to see how widely the article we wrote on Roosevelt for our July paper, published in advance by the *Boston Globe*, has attracted public attention in different parts of our country. A friend of Roosevelt [perhaps an office holder], writes us from the West that what we have said makes Roosevelt stronger. Well, if this be so, then all his political and other friends ought to feel grateful to us. We think we understand fully his good qualities, but we cannot at the same time forget what we consider his dangerous qualities, and particularly the influence he is sending out over the youth of our country. We sincerely hope that as he grows older he may become more like our great President, Abraham Lincoln, and may come to believe with Grant and Sherman that "War is hell."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OVER THREE THOUSAND CHILDREN.

We are pleased to receive on May 28th a copy of the *Butler (Pennsylvania) Eagle*, showing that over three thousand children of that city, including those in parochial schools, and a total number of about three thousand five hundred have been carefully organized in Bands of Mercy under our American Humane Education Society.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

EVERY DOLLAR.

We are glad to notice that in many papers the following is quoted from *Our Dumb Animals*. It comes to our table this morning from the *Troy Press* at the head of its leading editorial column: "Every dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks and every form of cruelty and crime."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Whoever restores a young bird to the limb,
Or gladdens the lives of dumb creatures in need,
Is one of Christ's helpers whatever his creed,
Clasps hand with "the angel that comforted Him."
But whoever finds pleasure in adding one hurt
To an innocent life, be it insect or dove,

Is somehow in league with those who found sport
In nailing the hands of the World's Greatest Love.
Oh, how dare we ask a just God to bestow
The mercy we grant not to creatures below!

Mt. Pulaski (Ill.) Weekly News.

Kind hearts are more than coronets.
Tennyson.

WHEN THE CHILDREN OF ALL NATIONS.

When the children of all nations are educated humanely the picture galleries of Europe will be stripped of miles of battle paintings representing the victories of one nation over others. Arc de Triomphe, Paris, will be named the Arch of Peace; Fourth of July celebrations with their fire-crackers, torpedoes, etc., will give way to more sensible forms of amusement, and from our school-books will be blotted out a vast deal of literature which tends only to promote fighting and bloodshed, and there will be substituted the gems of humane literature, song, picture and story.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

IN THE WORK OF HUMANE EDUCATION.

In the work of humane education not only insurance companies, railroad corporations and all owners of property liable to be destroyed are interested, but also all depositors in savings banks, the investments of which, in case of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks and otherwise, are liable to lose half their value.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOR THE GERMAN ARMY.

We regret to learn that large numbers of American horses are to be shipped to Germany for use in the German army.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

MINNEAPOLIS BANDS OF MERCY.

Minneapolis, Minn.,
May 15, 1907.

George T. Angell, President,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir,—Being much interested in humane education I am happy to tell you that good use is made of the literature which you are so kindly sending our schools. Band of Mercy meetings are held monthly, much interest is shown, and the pupils are given a list of questions on a certain animal or bird to write on some time during the day before the meeting takes place. Then the best paper is read.

The meetings are conducted in a business-like manner and the children are very willing to take part. May God bless you and yours.

MRS. LOCKWOOD D. WELSH, Jr.

FROM A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN, ENCLOSING \$10.

Dear Sir,—Your Society represents the noblest work in the world, and I wish every dollar I send were a thousand.

I like the man who faces what he must,
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer,
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fall, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God; and somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals.

Sarah K. Bolton.



One chickadee bolder than the rest had alighted on the boy's cap.—Page 133.

From "Jimmie Suter and the Boys of Pigeon Camp," an excellent story, published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

If President Roosevelt when a boy had been taught to feed the birds as the boy in the above picture is doing, his influence on our American youth would have been more like that of Abraham Lincoln. We think "The Maine" would never have been sent to be blown up in Havana harbor, and we think we should never have been plunged into the totally indefensible Cuban and Philippine wars, with their loss of thousands of lives of men and horses.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A LETTER FROM CLARA BARTON.

From a letter of Clara Barton to Miss Georgiana Kendall of New York City, a Vice President of our American Humane Education Society, dated on board the U. S. steamship "State of Texas," at Key West, Florida, some years ago:

"I have often said, as I am sure would be recalled by the friends who have heard me speak, that among the shocking and heart-rending scenes of a battle-field the screams of the wounded horses lingered more painfully in my ears, if possible, than the moans of the wounded men. I think you are right in the statement that the veterinary surgeon in Germany is commissioned to follow the army and put an end to the agonies of the poor wounded animals, which, from their great animal vitality and strength, will live long to suffer. They die slow and hard if left to themselves, and I myself have seen the vultures hovering and tearing at them while life yet remained."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, July, 1907.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for *gratuitous distribution only* can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Richmond 572.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIBERS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month *four hundred and four new branches* of our *Parent Band of Mercy*, making a total of *seventy-one thousand and ninety-six*.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge *in the two sizes above represented*. They are very handsome—white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters and border, and we sell them at bare cost, *five for ten cents*, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller numbers than *five*.

FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY.

At the June meeting of the directors of the American Humane Education Society and the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 19th ult., President Angell reported that 3,523 animals had been examined in the investigation of complaints during the month, 119 horses taken from work and 135 horses and other animals humanely killed. 404 new Bands of Mercy had been formed during the month, making a total of 71,096.

Señorita Huidobro has during the month been lecturing for the American Humane Education Society to various audiences on "The Christ of the Andes."

The Massachusetts Society has received during the month \$1,525.80, and the American Humane Education Society has received during the month \$553.

A WISE RULE.

Among the rules of a New York livery stable where the animals of many wealthy men are kept, are the following: "No man will be employed who drinks intoxicating liquors. No man shall speak loud to any of the horses, or in the stable where they are. Horses of good blood are nervous, and loud, excited conversation is felt by every horse who hears it, and keeps them all nervous and uneasy. No man shall use profane language in the hearing of horses."

OUR PROSECUTING AGENTS.

Our special paid prosecuting agents are:

For Western Massachusetts—Dexter A. Atkins, Springfield, 31 Elm Street, Room 327. Tel. 581-1.

For Central Massachusetts—Robert L. Dyson, Worcester, 3 Stafford Street. Tel. 288-3.

For South-Eastern Massachusetts—Henry A. Perry, Mansfield.

For Boston, Eastern Massachusetts and elsewhere—

James R. Hathaway, Special Agent; Thomas Langlan, Charles F. Clark, George W. Splaine, Frank G. Phillips, Joseph M. Russell, Harry L. Allen; Emergency Agent, Geo. Albert Grant—all at 19 Milk Street, Boston.

In addition to these we have over four hundred unpaid local agents in all our Massachusetts cities and towns who render us more or less service.

DOCTORS, LAWYERS AND CLERGYMEN.

I see, Mr. Angell, that you send your very interesting paper gratuitously to all the doctors, lawyers and clergymen in Massachusetts. Do you get in return any financial aid in carrying on your humane work? Answer: We have received from one most highly respected allopathic physician twenty thousand dollars, have been told by another equally respected homeopathic physician that on the deaths of himself and wife all his property will become ours. I have had a similar statement made to me by one of Boston's most widely known and respected lawyers, and another who is one of our judges has told me that he himself has written wills giving us more than one hundred thousand dollars. Also from various clergymen, both Catholic and Protestant, we have received kind donations.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

FOR THE DOCTORS.

A good story comes to us in the *La Moure (North Dakota) Chronicle*, about a doctor who was called in to treat a lady, who put so many questions and talked so incessantly that he finally asked her to hold out her tongue, and immediately commenced writing. When he got through she said, "You haven't looked at my tongue." "No," said he, "I didn't want to—I only wanted to keep it still while I wrote the prescription."

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

A QUICK SALE FOR THE THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE PLAY OF BLACK BEAUTY.

As our American Humane Education Society has no desire to make money out of any of its prize offers, but only to secure the highest amount of good, I have not sought to obtain a high price for the above remarkable play. Sending a thousand dollars to its writer, Miss Flavia Rosser of Butler, Mo., I received her receipt for the money in my morning's mail of June 25th, and before twelve o'clock of the same morning sold the drama for twelve hundred dollars to Charles F. Atkinson and James Thatcher of Boston [the first applicants for it], who will arrange for its immediate production on a grand scale.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

PRIZE DRAMA PREDICTIONS.

(1) I predict that our American Humane Education Society's thousand dollar prize drama of *Black Beauty* will be seen by thousands of audiences.

(2) I predict that the drama of "The Christ of the Andes," for which our American Humane Education Society is now offering a prize of one thousand dollars, will be seen by more than ten thousand audiences; that there will go out from Rome sooner or later [as I have been urging] a suggestion to all adjacent Christian nations to erect on their boundary lines statues similar to "The Christ of the Andes," and that it may do as much to promote Peace on Earth, both for men and horses, as the Hague Conference.

(3) When seventeen years ago I ordered the first ten thousand copies of *Black Beauty*, Boston's leading publisher told me that he didn't think it would pay to print it, and New York's great News Agency wrote me it could never be sold. I thought differently, and our American Humane Education Society has carried its circulation already up to more than three millions copies, with a constant demand for more, and I think its mission will not be ended until it is read by all civilized nations around the world.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

WILLIAM H. BALDWIN.

We are sorry to see that our good friend William H. Baldwin, President of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, has felt it his duty to resign his presidency, having passed his eightieth year. Mr. Baldwin was elected President in April, 1868, we were elected President of the M. S. P. C. A. in March, 1868, but are so busy that we don't see how we can resign. We are glad to see that our good friend's name is still to stand at the head of the roll of his Society as President *Emeritus* and would suggest to our Methodist friends that *Emeritus* would be an excellent title to give to their elderly bishops in place of *superannuated*. If we were a bishop we should certainly object to being told [by our friends] that we were *superannuated*.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HATS FOR HORSES.

Since the hot weather of summer has come upon us, we have given away some hundreds of hats for horses to people who are too poor to buy them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

A. JUDSON LEACH, State Organizer.

Over seventy-one thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over two million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the president, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. (See Melodies.)

2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.

3.—Readings, "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

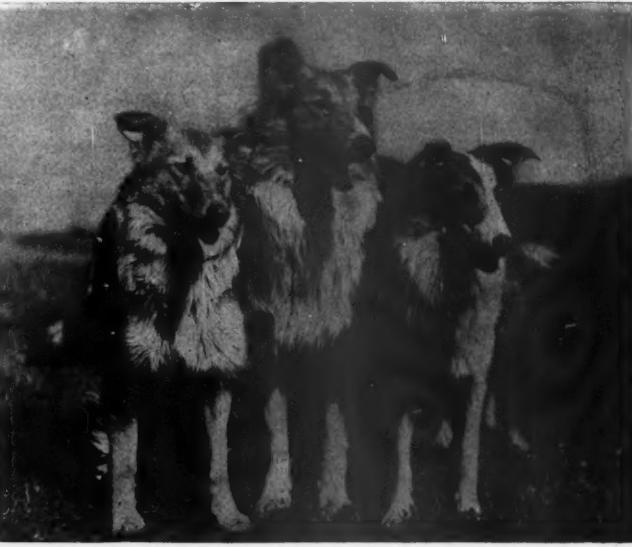
6.—Enrollment of new members.

7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

YOUR DOG.

The more you talk to a dog the better he likes it, and he times his temper to your every mood. Are you merry? He frisks and frolics and jumps up at you with wild abandon. Are you sorrowful? He will lay his head softly on your knee, looking up into your face with adoring, kindly eyes that, far more prettily than any words, beg you to cheer up, and tell you that he, at all events, thinks you worthy of the utmost good fortune. The right kind of a dog never lets you forget how much he loves you.

From Paul and Fiametta.



Used by kind permission of Smith & Groff, Dealers in High Grade Collies, 31 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

TRAIN SAVED BY A DOG.

[Received from I. N. Long, Editor of *The Times*, Clyde, Missouri.]

Wabash passenger train due to pass Evona going east at 10.51 at night was saved from what might have been a most serious accident in a peculiar manner on Friday night last. Mrs. Wm. P. Stapleton, of this city, who was on the train going to Fayette to visit her father, wrote back the facts.

It appears that the train had been delayed by a freight wreck, and after getting under good speed and while running near Chillicothe not far from the midnight hour, the train was suddenly brought to a stop at a lonely place. The engineer and fireman saw a lantern swung across the track, and as they afterwards claimed, felt almost certain that bandits were preparing to hold up the train. They brought their train to a stop, as they were required to do under the rules, when a farmer approached them excitedly and informed them that the bridge just ahead of them and around the curve was on fire; that he had been awakened by his dog barking, and when he looked towards the bridge near his house he saw the flames leaping up through the bridge. Although the train was already due, he had not heard it pass and hurried with all his might to give a warning that it might not plunge into the stream by going upon the burning bridge unwarmed. How many lives would have been lost had not the faithful watch dog given the warning no one can guess, but those aboard the train will never forget their close call.—*Albany (Missouri) Ledger*.

From Benicia (Cal.) *New Era*.

BOY'S LIFE SAVED BY A COLLIE.

Los Angeles, May 16.—The noble work of a homeless brown collie to-day saved the life of Eddie, the three-year-old son of Mrs. J. N. Lawrin, of San Francisco. Mrs. Lawrin is visiting in this city. While playing on the beach, the boy toddled too near the danger line in the water and the undertow caught and dragged him under. Struggling and helpless, hundreds of people saw the baby carried to death. Then the homeless dog jumped into the surf, swam out and caught the little one and started shorewards. The boy was soon in his brother's arms uninjured. After the baby had been taken care of the dog again rushed into the water and in a short time brought back the baby's cap from the surf.

MARCO KNEW.

A young girl was passing the Public Garden the other morning upon the main path which crossed the bridge. She was accompanied by a magnificent mastiff, who strode along beside her in the most companionable sort of way, looking up into her face occasionally as if to remark casually that it was a very fine morning, or to ask if there was anything he could do for her.

The two crossed the bridge together, and finally came to Charles Street gate. Here the young girl, evidently not wishing to have the care of the dog in the busy streets, turned to him and said:

"There, that is far enough now, Marco. You need not go with me any farther, but turn about and go back home."

She did not take her hands out of her muff to point the way, and she spoke as she would to a small brother, in a pleasant conversational voice.

Marco looked at her with his large eyes, then looked across the Common, wagging his tail slowly as though he were thinking how very pleasant it would be to go the rest of the way. Finally he turned back to her again and with a movement of his head and eyes asked as plainly as though the words had come from his mouth: "Please let me go a little farther, it is such a fine morning."

"No, dear; I am going shopping, you know," answered the girl, explaining the difficulty, as if Marco were human, "there'll be crowds of people, and I shall not know what to do with you. But go along, now, there's a good fellow, and I'll be back soon."

Without another word Marco turned and walked back across the Garden. He did not slink away, as some dogs do when sent back, but marched leisurely along with his head in the air, stopped a moment on the bridge to watch the children skating below, then trotted on toward Commonwealth Avenue. The Athenian watched him until he had disappeared beyond the gates, then resumed his own way, wondering whether Darwin loved dogs or not.—*Boston Record*.

Massachusetts has the first, and so far as we know, only law prohibiting vivisection in the schools.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle. Dogs were intended for no such purpose.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful *sterling* silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on purple velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$650.

In behalf of *The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals* I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the *Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs*, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

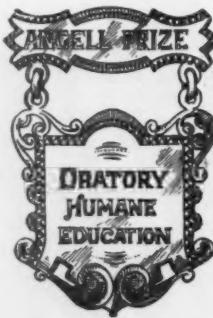
(4) \$25 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

OUR CREED and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as it appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "GLORY TO GOD," "PEACE ON EARTH," "KINDNESS, JUSTICE AND MERCY TO EVERY LIVING CREATURE."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.



OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also *Mr. Angell's Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 50 cents at office, or 62 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

Canon Rownsley, on Saint Martin's, after describing good Saint Martin, added:

"Some of you, my friends, followers of the gentle Christ, come to worship, nay, *come to the Supper of our Lord*, wearing 'egret' plumes or 'ospreys' in your hats and bonnets. Do you realize that this 'egret' plume grows on the bird's back only at the time of nesting, and that to obtain one such feather involves the cruel death not only of the beautiful white mother heron, but of the whole nestful of its nearly-fledged offspring? What a price to pay for the pleasure of an egret plume! What a travesty of religion to be able to come into church decked with an egret feather and sing in the words of the Benedicite: 'O all ye fowls of the air, bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him forever! What a mockery to kneel at Holy Communion, take the soldier's oath of allegiance unto the Lord—that gentle Lord of all compassion and mercy, that Lord who said 'Consider the fowls of the air!' who told us that not a sparrow falls to the earth unregarded by their Heavenly Father!'

"*The Humane Horse Book*," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by our *American Humane Education Society* on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above-named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, No. 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

ONE THING WE MUST NEVER FORGET, NAMELY: THAT THE INFINITELY MOST IMPORTANT WORK FOR US IS THE HUMANE EDUCATION OF THE MILLIONS WHO ARE SOON TO COME ON THE STAGE OF ACTION.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK you do?

ANSWER. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably OVER SIXTY MILLIONS of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

(1) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.

(2) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition.

If to this is added *solitary confinement* without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1) Avoid as far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by *lead pipes* or *lead-lined tanks*.

(2) Avoid drinking water which has been run through *galvanized iron pipes*.

(3) Avoid using *anything acid* which has been kept in a *tin can*.

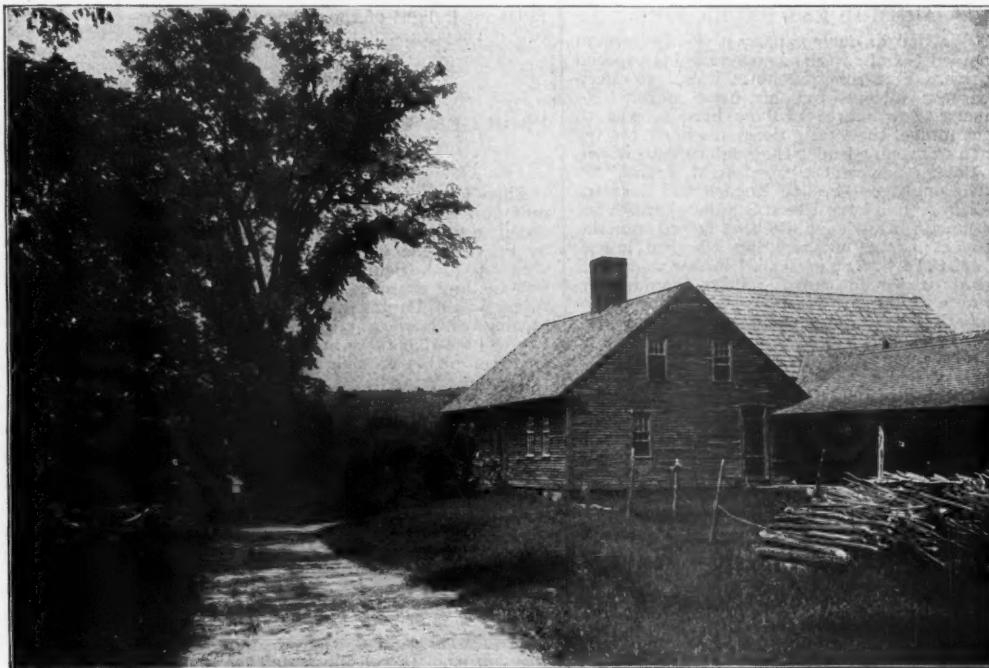
(4) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

We see in our daily paper that it is proposed to celebrate the birthday of the poet Edgar Allen Poe, who, "Chambers' Encyclopaedia" declares to have been perhaps the finest and most original poetical genius in America. It reminds us of a story. A collector of autographs was anxious to obtain one of Poe's signatures and wrote Horace Greeley: "My Dear Sir: It occurs to me that in your wide correspondence you may have a signature of the late lamented Edgar A. Poe, and if you have one, and would kindly let me have it, I shall be greatly obliged"; to which Greeley replied: "My Dear Sir: I never had but one signature of the late lamented Edgar A. Poe; it is attached to one of his promissory notes which cost me twenty-five dollars, and I shall be glad to sell it to you at half price. Horace Greeley."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Well, of all the impudence! Asking me to help you because you have *three wives* to support." "But they don't belong to me, mister: they belong to my sons-in-law."

Indianapolis Journal.

BIRTHPLACE OF HORACE GREELEY, AMHERST, N. H.—[By courtesy of the Boston & Maine R. R.]

ABOUT THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY.

(From "Our Dumb Animals," May, 1907.)

The American Humane Education Society was incorporated by a special act of the Massachusetts legislature in 1889. It has power to hold a million of dollars. Its objects are: "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to Every Living Creature, both Human and Dumb." Its President is George T. Angell of 19 Milk Street, Boston; its Vice-Presidents are Curtis Guild, Jr., Governor of Massachusetts, Ex-Governor John D. Long, Most Reverend John J. Williams, Bishop Mallalieu, and other prominent gentlemen and ladies widely known. On its Board of Directors are two of our Massachusetts judges, Ex-Attorney-General Albert E. Pillsbury and other prominent gentlemen. Its directors are elected for life; when one dies another is elected. By a special act of the Massachusetts legislature its property is held in trust by three trustees, Messrs. Alfred Bowditch, Laurence Minot, and George T. Angell. Messrs. Bowditch and Minot are widely known as investors in Boston and elsewhere. It has caused to be established *more than seventy thousand Bands of Mercy*, with *over two millions members*, in all our states and territories and elsewhere, and claims that by humane education it is not only preventing cruelty but protecting property and life from incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and all other forms of outrage. It has carried the circulation of the one book "Black Beauty" up to *over three millions copies*. By prize offers and otherwise it has obtained various other humane stories and valuable humane literature, which have had wide circulation in our own country and elsewhere, some of them reaching a circulation of hundreds of thousands. It has employed several missionaries. It sends its organ, *Our Dumb Animals*, every month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in America north of Mexico, to the presidents of all American universities and colleges north of Mexico, and to all members of congress. Among the prizes which it has recently offered are, First: One of *one thousand dollars* for the best drama of "Black Beauty."

One of the thirteen plays contributed is already arranged to be put into our theatres this fall, and others are likely to be. We hope to bring these plays before a thousand theatrical audiences.

Second: *Six hundred dollars* for the best essays in favor of and against vivisection, which are to be bound together and sent widely over the country.

Third: A prize of *one thousand dollars* for the best drama of "The Christ of the Andes," which we hope, sooner or later, to have brought before a thousand theatrical and other audiences.

Fourth: *One thousand dollars* for the best story showing the folly and wickedness of international wars, which we hope to make as useful in their prevention as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was in preventing slavery, and as "Black Beauty" is in preventing cruelty to horses.

Fifth: A prize of *one thousand dollars* for the story best calculated to make the rich and poor more kind to each other, and so harmonize the disputes between capital and labor.

I am sure a story can be written on this subject which will do vast good both in our own country and elsewhere. I believe that every dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime, and I want contributions from all who are able to give them to aid us in carrying out our great work.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

STATISTICS ABOUT HYDROPHOBIA AND RABIES.

The Department of Mercy of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union has issued a new edition of its little pamphlet entitled "The Annual Mad Dog Scare," in which it urges upon the workers in the department and the local newspapers to controvert the many sensational stories that appear in print concerning alleged mad dogs, and gives the signed statements of several prominent physicians at the head of hospitals in both the United States and England. The record of the London hospital a few years ago

showed 2,668 persons bitten by angry dogs. None of them developed hydrophobia. St. George's hospital, London, records 4,000 patients bitten by dogs supposed to have been mad, with no cases of hydrophobia. The records from nearly all the leading hospitals in the United States show equally convincing figures as to the exaggeration of the number and seriousness of hydrophobia cases from dog bites. Many physicians testify that the average dog bite is no more dangerous than any other wound, providing it has equally careful treatment; and Dr. Charles W. Dulles, lecturer on the history of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, declares that after sixteen years of investigation he has failed to find a single case on record that can be conclusively proved to have resulted from the bite of a dog. The pamphlet contains some valuable facts and suggestions on this subject and tends to prove quite conclusively that much needless anxiety and fright is experienced by people and unnecessary cruelty practiced upon dogs in connection with the subject.

From the physicians cited in this little pamphlet we find the following statements: Dr. Hiram Corson, whose practice extended over seventy years, never saw a case of hydrophobia. Dr. Traill Green, an aged physician, makes a similar statement. Dr. Matthew Woods, after searching for twenty years, and who during two summers visited every case reported in Philadelphia, never saw a case of hydrophobia. He has offered one hundred dollars to any person who will bring him a case, and no one ever claimed the reward. Many physicians whom he has questioned on the subject have never found a case either in man or animal. At the Philadelphia dog pound, where, on an average, over six thousand vagrant dogs are kept, no case was ever known. Dr. Edward C. Spitzka, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Nervous System in the New York Post-Graduate School of Medicine, and President of the New York Neurological Society, says that not a single opportunity has offered itself to him to see such a case. Various other famous medical professors give similar opinions in this pamphlet.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ARMY HORSE UNDER FIRE.

We had in our company a young German named Schultz. His horse was his especial pride. Sometimes Schultz went to sleep without rations, but his horse never. No matter how scarce or how hard it was to get forage, the young German's horse always had an evening feed, a thorough rubbing down, a loving pat, and a "good-night, Frank," in two languages—broken English and German. Many a time have I seen Schultz skirmish for a lunch for his horse when we halted to make coffee instead of preparing his own lunch. While the rest of us stayed in our tents and read or played cards, Schultz would keep Frank's company for hours, sometimes talking German to him and sometimes English. Some of our horses showed lack of care; Frank's was always in good order; in camp he glistened like a new plug hat, and seemed as fond of his master as his master of him. When the Atlanta campaign opened, in May, 1864, there was not a prouder soldier or a prettier horse than Schultz and Frank in the 1st.

Our first fight of note in that campaign was at Varnell's station, May 9. Somebody—never mind who—made a mess of it. Our little brigade, the 2d of the 1st cavalry division, consisting of the 2d and 4th Indians and the 1st Wisconsin, commanded by Col. O. H. LaGrange, was thrown against Gen. Joe Wheeler's entire command, and we fought it all day. We started to charge, but were halted in a piece of woods and were ordered to fight on foot. We were already under fire and in considerable confusion, and only a portion of the command heard the order, so it happened that some of us fought as cavalry and some as infantry. Schultz remained mounted and did heroic service. *Early in the fight his pet was shot.* As the animal made but little fuss over it and steadied down quickly his rider thought it was only a slight wound and remained in battle all day, having travelled many miles in the performance of important and dangerous tasks, the wonderful animal seeming to enter into the spirit of the work as completely as his master. That night at 9 o'clock the brigade camped.

The moment Frank was unsaddled he lay down. Schultz thought it was because the horse like himself was tired, and after patting him and telling him in both languages what a splendid fellow he had been that day, and thanking him for carrying him safely through one of the hottest battles, he busied himself with supper getting. In the forage bag were several extra ears of corn. After his own repast of black coffee, crackers and uncooked white pork, such a banquet as many a soldier has been more thankful for than he was for the feast of last Thanksgiving, Schultz shelled the corn and took it to Frank. The horse did not welcome him as usual, did not rest his head on the master's shoulder and look, if he did not speak, thanks for such a master. He didn't hear Schultz announce in German that he was coming with a double ration. *Frank was dead and stiffening, showing that soon after lying down life had departed.*

When Schultz realized that his pet was dead he threw the corn down, dropped by the side of the animal, tenderly laid one hand on his neck and with the other gently rubbed his head, as he had done many times before, and sobbed like a child. In talking about his loss the next day he said: "My poor Frank couldn't tell me he was badly hurt and ask to go to the hospital, as I would have done had I been shot. *He carried me all day as if he thought it was his duty,* and that things would go wrong if he didn't, and when the battle was over and I was getting supper he lay down and died.

"That horse was a better soldier than I am—than any man in the regiment. Not one of us would have fought all day with such a hurt as that. No one would have expected it of us, yet I expected it of Frank, and he did not fail me." With this outburst the poor fellow broke down again, and none of his com-

rades made light of the young German's sorrow. They knew it was sincere.

JAMES F. LYON,
In *Chicago Times-Herald.*

FROM GEN. PORTER'S "CAMPAIGNING WITH GRANT."

President Lincoln's Kindness.

Three tiny kittens were crawling about the tent at the time. The mother had died, and the little wanderers were expressing their grief by mewing piteously. Mr. Lincoln picked them up, took them on his lap, stroked their soft fur and murmured: "Poor little creatures, you'll be taken good care of," and turning to Bowers, said: "Colonel, I hope you will see that these little motherless waifs are given plenty of milk and treated kindly." Bowers replied: "I will see, Mr. President, that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess, and are well cared for." Several times during his stay Mr. Lincoln was found fondling these kittens. He would wipe their eyes tenderly with his handkerchief, stroke their smooth coats, and listen to them purring their gratitude to him. *It was a curious sight at an army headquarters, upon the eve of a great military crisis in the nation's history, to see the hand which had affixed the signature to the Emancipation Proclamation, and had signed the commissions of all the heroic men who served the cause of the Union, from the general-in-chief to the lowest lieutenant, tenderly caressing three stray kittens.* It well illustrated the kindness of the man's disposition, and showed the childlike simplicity which was mingled with the *grandeur of his nature.*

THE DANGEROUS ADULTERATIONS OF FLOUR.

We take the following from the *Boston Evening Transcript:*

New Flour Adulterant.

The high price of flour has led to the use of a new adulterant which has been detected in the Ohio markets by the state authorities. It is made of white clay pulverized and is called mineraline. *It cannot be digested and is accordingly very unwholesome. It costs a cent a pound, but as flour costs about three cents a little mixture of mineraline is profitable.* Luckily it is easily detected under a microscope. Food Commissioner Blackburn has sent out a circular, of which this extract follows:

"A chemical analysis shows that it is a siliceous mineral resembling talc in physical properties. *It is insoluble even in the strongest sulphuric acid,* and is totally unfit for the purpose for which it is made. It seems to be a kind of clay, dried and powdered very fine, and is shipped from Greensboro, N. C. You are hereby notified to be on the lookout for flour adulterated with this substance, take samples and leave them with the nearest chemist for analysis. The smallest per cent. of adulteration with this substance can be easily detected under a microscope."

The *St. Paul Pioneer Press* says great efforts are being made to induce millers to mix this article with their flour.

Many years ago we spent [as readers of our Autobiographical Sketches know] hundreds of dollars in money and thousands of dollars in time in investigating and exposing through the press the wide sale of poisonous and dangerous articles of food, drink and other poisonous and dangerous articles, among which as stated on page 59 was the fact that several mills were grinding white stone into fine powder of three grades, called soda, sugar and flour.

In a paper which we read before the American Social Science Association, and which was published in full in most of our Boston daily papers, we showed that the only sufficient remedy was the formation of *Public Health Associations* composed of influential citizens, supported by voluntary contribu-

tions, employing chemists, microscopists and officers, who could not be removed by any outside influence, and which should prosecute offenders and send out widely over the country the facts ascertained. The result was the enactment of new laws, and that our city and State Boards of Health have done much good work, but not a twentieth part of what ought to be done and might be if these Boards could be provided with twenty times the money they now have, and their officers (like our judges) be elected for life or otherwise placed beyond the political interference of corporations and individuals who are engaged in the manufacture and sale of these articles.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"I have not lived in vain—
If I but stop one tear, or heal a wrong,
Or lift a fainting robin into his nest again.
I have not lived in vain."

Mercy to Every Living Creature.

IMPORTANT MONEY CONSIDERATIONS FOR STOCKHOLDERS IN RAILROADS, INSURANCE COMPANIES AND FOR CAPITALISTS GENERALLY.

[From *Our Dumb Animals*, March, 1907.]

In an address which I gave some years ago before a great audience at Minneapolis, presided over by Governor Pillsbury, then governor of the state, I said, "You have a great lumber district here and a single neglected hoodlum may on a windy night set a fire there which would burn down half your city. It is important that you should educate the children in your public schools to become good and humane citizens." Simply as a question of dollars and cents for the protection of property and life, can there possibly be any better way of preventing railroad wrecks, incendiary fires and the explosion of dynamite bombs than by carrying, so far as possible, into all the schools of our country an education that will make all our youth and children more humane, or a better way of preventing future wars involving thousands of human lives and innumerable millions of dollars than by sending out eloquent men to address all our university and college students in behalf of our *American Humane Education Society's* objects, "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature," both human and those we call dumb? It seems to me that simply as a question of dollars and cents [far more valuable than all the libraries Mr. Carnegie is so generously giving] is it to give our *American Humane Education Society* power to go into all universities, colleges and schools, and preach and teach the gospel of mercy? You may talk to thousands of hoodlums and others growing up in our dangerous classes about loving their fathers, their mothers, or God, with little effect, but you can teach all of them to be saying forty times a day kind words and doing kind acts which will not only be making their own lives and all those about them happier, but will have a tremendous influence to prevent railroad wrecks, incendiary fires and the use of dynamite bombs, and make life and property, as well as our republican institutions, more safe than they now are.

GEO. T. ANGELL,
President *American Humane Education Society*, 19 Milk St., Boston.

Every dollar spent for humane education is a dollar spent for the prevention of wars, incendiary fires, railroad wrecks, and every form of cruelty and crime.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

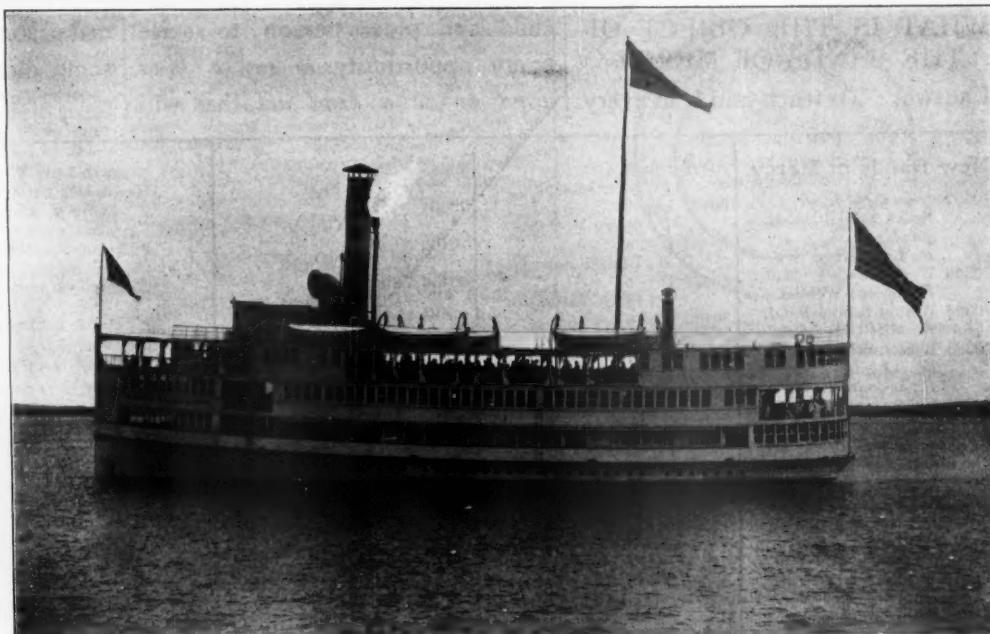
POLLY AND THE FOG.

One of Uncle Sam's most faithful servants in the State of Maine, but one that drew no salary, lived at the Portland Head light-house. It was a large gray parrot, brought from Africa some time ago and presented to the keeper of the light. The bird soon noticed that when the fog began to blow in from the ocean somebody would cry out, "Fog coming; blow the horn!" One day the fog suddenly began to come in thick, and the men did not notice it. But Poll did, and croaked out, "Fog coming; blow the horn." Ever since then, whenever fog is perceptible, Poll gives warning.

Pacific Ensign.

—
"The man who tortures animals is a *dangerous member of society*. He is a degenerate, who would commit just such crimes upon the *human race*, were it not for his fear of punishment."

The American Field on Human Degeneracy.



THE BOSTON FLOATING HOSPITAL—A GRAND INSTITUTION FOR THE SICK POOR

GEN. GRANT AS A LAUNDRYMAN.

It is not always safe to play a practical joke unless you are thoroughly acquainted with your victim. It is sometimes sadly true that "the bitter is bitten."

We were gathered around a bright fire in a cozy sitting-room. The Colonel to our great delight had gone back twenty-four years to his tent at the base of Kenesaw Mountain, and was again, as in those past eventful years, following the banner of Sherman. Suddenly an odd thought flashed into the writer's mind and found expression in a question:

"Colonel," I said, "I have read and heard a great deal about army life; but on one point I was never much enlightened. How was the washing done? Who did it for the soldiers?" A smile stole around the corners of the Colonel's rather stern mouth, his black eyes twinkled.

"Usually the soldiers did it for themselves, but I remember one case where Gen. Grant did some washing for a soldier." Everybody looked up in surprise. Much as we had heard of Gen. Grant's old army blouse and democratic ways among his men, this idea of his washing for a private was very novel. There was a chorus of questions and exclamations.

"Was it really true? Did he wash for the soldiers? How did it happen? Tell us about it?" "Yes," said the Colonel. "It is really true, and it happened in this way: It was during our advance upon Corinth; several soldiers were talking together one day. A tall, ungainly, raw recruit stepped up to them with a bundle of soiled clothes in his hand. 'Do you know where I can get this washing done?' he asked.

"Two of the group were practical jokers; a bright thought flashed into their heads, and as the sequel shows, unfortunately found expression. 'Oh, yes, we know; just go up there with your bundle,' pointing to the headquarters of Gen. Grant, 'you will see a short, stout man (describing the General), who does washing. Take your bundle to him.'

"The recruit thanked them and walked off in the direction indicated. He gained entrance to the headquarters, and stood in the General's presence. 'What can I do for you?' said Gen. Grant. 'I was directed here by a couple of soldiers. They told me that you did washing, and I have a bundle here.'

"Gen. Grant probably enjoyed the situation,

but his imperturbable face did not relax. He simply asked the question, 'Could you identify those men again?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Very well, you shall have the chance.'

"Turning to an orderly, he directed him to call a guard, go with the recruit to where the jokers were standing ready to enjoy his discomfiture, and to let him identify them. 'Take the men to the guard house, give them this man's bundle of clothing and make them wash it thoroughly. See that the work is well done.'

"The General was obeyed to the letter, and no more bundles of soiled clothes came to Gen. Grant's headquarters."

Treasure Trove, April, 1888.

A LOST CHORD.

By Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun

The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwanted calm:
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own his cause?"—
The very stream seemed stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good-night,
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged
The soldier bent his head.
Then glancing 'round, with smiling lips
"You'll join with me?" he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name
Let angels prostrate fall!'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Nought but the stream is heard;
But, ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred,
And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize every opportunity to say a kind word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL

New Bands of Mercy.

70392 *Nevada, Mo.*
 Bryan School Bands.
 Sunshine.
 P., Lee Perry.
 70393 *Workers.*
 P., George Webber.
 70394 *Walnut School Band.*
 P., Miss Lula Smith.
 70395 *Benton School Bands.*
 No. 1.
 P., Leonard Beller.
 70396 *No. 2.*
 P., Ralph Duebet.
 70397 *No. 3.*
 P., Eddie Campbell.
 70398 *No. 4.*
 P., George Braham.
 70399 *Jefferson School Bands.*
 No. 1.
 P., Beulah Rhine.
 70400 *No. 2.*
 P., Mabel Valaria.
 70401 *Blair School Bands.*
 Blair.
 P., Miss Grace McGowan.
 70402 *Blair Juvenile.*
 P., Wayne Parcell.
 70403 *Cincinnati, Ohio.*
 Sherman School Bands.
 Webster.
 P., Sarah Levy.
 70404 *Nathan Hale.*
 P., Frances Grimes.
 70405 *Little Star.*
 P., Irene Flanagan.
 70406 *Devoted Helpers.*
 P., Eleanon Isaacs.
 70407 *Protection.*
 P., Ethel Smith.
 70408 *Lincoln.*
 P., Audrey Hartline.
 70409 *Jim Key.*
 P., Sylvia Byer.
 70410 *Mayflower.*
 P., Erwin Katenbrink.
 70411 *Golden Rule.*
 P., Marguerite Van Varseneld.
 70412 *Bright Star.*
 P., Harry Steinbach.
 70413 *Jim Key.*
 P., Abe Carmel.
 70414 *Franklin.*
 P., Ben Alfman.
 70415 *Jim Key.*
 P., Helen Rubinowitz.
 70416 *Jim Key.*
 P., Eleanor Wehrmeyer.
 70417 *Jim Key.*
 P., Max Somerfield.
 70418 *Jim Key.*
 P., Moses Isaacs.
 70419 *Sunshine.*
 P., Lydia Thomas.
 70420 *Jim Key.*
 P., Frederic Mather.
 70421 *Jim Key.*
 P., Blanche Parrott.
 70422 *Jim Key.*
 P., Jos. Ashton.
 70423 *Jim Key.*
 P., Ruth Joseph.
 70424 *Earnest.*
 P., Harry Abrams.
 70425 *Jim Key.*
 P., Alice Levine.
 70426 *Jim Key.*
 P., Arthur Spicer.
 70427 *O. M. Poe School Bands.*
 Div. 1.
 P., Grace Raynsford.

70428 *Div. 2.*
 P., Inez Gallagher.
 70429 *Div. 3.*
 P., Garry McDonald.
 70430 *Div. 4.*
 P., Donald Roberts.
 70431 *Div. 5.*
 P., Frank Kittleman.
 70432 *Div. 6.*
 P., Helen Hirth.
 70433 *Div. 7.*
 P., Dwight Strong.
 70434 *Dickenson School Bands.*
 Div. 1.
 P., Kenneth Monroe.
 70435 *Div. 2.*
 P., Frances Zimmerman.
 70436 *Div. 3.*
 P., Vernice Bird.
 70437 *Div. 4.*
 P., Frank Pease.
 70438 *Div. 5.*
 P., Gertrude Miller.
 70439 *Div. 6.*
 P., Mary Lewther.
 70440 *Div. 7.*
 P., Elmer Johnson.
 70441 *Brownson School Bands.*
 Div. 1.
 P., Ellsworth Miller.
 70442 *Div. 2.*
 P., Russell Ruthenberg.
 70443 *Div. 3.*
 P., Lewis Trudell.
 70444 *Div. 4.*
 P., George Bausenbach.
 70445 *Div. 5.*
 P., Frank Kobey.
 70446 *Div. 6.*
 P., Karl Berg.
 70447 *Div. 7.*
 P., Francis Gassmen.
 70448 *Preston School Bands.*
 Div. 1.
 P., Harry Snodgrass.
 70449 *Div. 2.*
 P., John Chambers.
 70450 *Fairbanks School Bands.*
 P., Mrs. E. A. Thomson.
 70451 *McKinley School Bands.*
 Div. 1.
 P., Henry Hammerle.
 70452 *Div. 2.*
 P., Walter Kurth.
 70453 *Div. 3.*
 P., Clifford Engebretson.
 70454 *Div. 4.*
 P., Raymond Becklund.
 70455 *Div. 5.*
 P., Johnnie Thomas.
 70456 *Div. 6.*
 P., Harlow Dunning.
 70457 *Div. 7.*
 P., Harold Farnham.
 70458 *Div. 8.*
 P., Edward Anderson.
 70459 *Omaha, Neb.*
 Train School Band.
 P., Bessie Adams.
 70460 *Kansas City, Mo.*
 Phillips School Band.
 P., Bettie Dwall.
 70461 *Wind River, Wyo.*
 Wind River Indian School Band.
 P., Arlo Ames.
 70462 *New Franklin, Mo.*
 New Franklin School Bands.
 No. 1.
 P., Miss Blackwell.

70463 *No. 2.*
 P., Miss Fleet.
 70464 *No. 3.*
 P., Miss Grigsby.
 70465 *No. 4.*
 P., Miss Wright.
 70466 *Detroit, Mich.*
 Fairbanks School Bands
 Div. 1.
 P., Marie H. Knotting.
 70467 *Div. 2.*
 P., Ray Fenton.
 70468 *Div. 3.*
 P., Fred Farrell.
 70469 *Div. 4.*
 P., Gordon Truemmer.
 70470 *Div. 5.*
 P., Frank Lee.
 70471 *Div. 6.*
 P., Willard Sanders.
 70472 *Div. 7.*
 P., Helen Cooper.
 70473 *Div. 8.*
 P., William Guinness.
 70474 *Div. 9.*
 P., Paul Davis.
 70475 *Bishop School Band.*
 P., Max Freedman.
 70476 *Owen School Band.*
 P., Lillie Birney.
 70477 *Fort Valley, Ga.*
 Ga. Hale Orchard
 Union Band.
 P., Miss Clara A. Lewis.
 70478 *2d and 3d Grades Band.*
 P., Mrs. M. Clemon.
 70479 *4th and 5th Grades Bd.*
 P., Miss T. M. Houser.
 70480 *Young Women's Band.*
 P., Miss E. A. Durgan.
 70481 *Worcester, Mass.*
 Helping Hand Band.
 P., Ralph Laviolette.
 70482 *Forest, Ont., Can.*
 Forest Band.
 P., Mrs. Lydia M. Parsons.
 70483 *Atlanta, Ga.*
 Sacred Heart Band.
 P., Charles M. Govern.
 70484 *Chester, Mass.*
 Shurtliff School Band.
 P., Robert Waldman.
 70485 *Darlington, Okla.*
 Cheyenne Indian School
 P., Col. T. M. Jones.
 70486 *Danvers, Mass.*
 Little Helpers Band.
 P., Arthur Kelman.
 70487 *Bradford, Mass.*
 East School Band.
 P., Ella M. Chadwick.
 70488 *Bath, Pa.*
 Bath Band.
 P., David Koch.
 70489 *Whitefish, Mont.*
 Whitefish School Band.
 P., Miss Gertrude McCabe.
 70490 *Charleston, So. Caro.*
 Star Band.
 P., Leon H. Sigwald.
 70491 *Salem, Mass.*
 George T. Angell Band.
 P., Margaret H. MacKenzie.
 70492 *Hanska, Minn.*
 Linden Band.
 P., Miss Margaret Davis.
 70493 *Baltimore, Md.*
 Page Primary School Band.
 P., Bruce Boehm

70494 *South Omaha, Neb.*
 Hawthorne Band.
 P., Leroy M. Reeves.
 70495 *Cleveland, Ohio.*
 Fullerton School Bands
 Div. 1.
 P., Annie Kniola.
 70496 *Div. 2.*
 P., Hattie Zolnowsky.
 70497 *Div. 3.*
 P., Lillian Yirava.
 70498 *Div. 4.*
 P., Joe Benazz.
 70499 *Div. 5.*
 P., Nettie Maresch.
 70500 *Div. 6.*
 P., Harry Kimpel.
 70501 *Div. 7.*
 P., Harry Grossman.
 70502 *Div. 8.*
 P., Aloysius Marlewski.
 70503 *Tremont School Bands.*
 Div. 1.
 P., Russell White.
 70504 *Div. 2.*
 P., Louis Lang.
 70505 *Div. 3.*
 P., Randolph Moralevitz.
 70506 *Div. 4.*
 P., Roy Stage.
 70507 *Div. 5.*
 P., Nick Lazor.
 70508 *Div. 6.*
 P., Gertrude Hahn.
 70509 *Div. 7.*
 P., Lawrence Downey.
 70510 *Div. 8.*
 P., Bessie E. Welch.
 70511 *Div. 9.*
 P., Wilber Gerbe.
 70512 *Div. 10.*
 P., Willie Burger.
 70513 *Div. 11.*
 P., Carol Nicolai.
 70514 *Div. 12.*
 P., Gretchen Steinbach.
 70515 *Div. 13.*
 P., Wilma Rothenbecker.
 70516 *Hicks School Band.*
 P., Albert Hillman.
 70517 *Quincy School Band.*
 P., Rupert Allen.
 70518 *Giddings School Band.*
 P., Mildred McKiblen.
 70519 *Sacket Ave. School Band.*
 P., Frank Kopaska.
 70520 *Milford School Band.*
 P., William Gingg.
 70521 *Detroit, Mich.*
 Bishop School Bands.
 Div. 1.
 P., Abraham Bernstein.
 70522 *Div. 2.*
 P., Arthur Doff.
 70523 *Div. 3.*
 P., Jacob Wolfson.
 70524 *Div. 4.*
 P., Maurice Robinson.
 70525 *Div. 5.*
 P., Max Freedman.
 70526 *Div. 6.*
 P., Manuel Rosenthal.
 70527 *Div. 7.*
 P., Robert Bermar.
 70528 *Div. 8.*
 P., Gertrude Rosenthal.
 70529 *Div. 9.*
 P., Sydney Muscovitz.
 70530 *Div. 10.*
 P., Louis Dalitz.

70531 *Div. 11.*
 P., Stella Doff.
 70532 *Div. 12.*
 P., Russell Duncan.
 70533 *Div. 13.*
 P., Rosie Pogoff.
 70534 *Div. 14, Room N.*
 P., —
 70535 *Div. 15.*
 P., David Pervin.
 70536 *Div. 16.*
 P., Archie Gensberg.
 70537 *Div. 17.*
 P., Isaac Schuffman.
 70538 *Div. 18.*
 P., Louis Lightstone.
 70539 *Div. 19.*
 P., Max Serlig.
 70540 *Div. 20.*
 P., Ida Silverman.
 70541 *Lyster School Bands.*
 Room A.
 P., Lane Sanders.
 70542 *Room B.*
 P., Joseph Debash.
 70543 *Room C.*
 P., Cloys Braden.
 70544 *Room D.*
 P., Irvin Stackel.
 70545 *Room E.*
 P., Amanda Baumann.
 70546 *Room F.*
 P., Henry Drogowski.
 70547 *Room G.*
 P., Esther Yaegar.
 70548 *Alger School Bands.*
 Room A.
 P., Helen Hill.
 70549 *Room B.*
 P., Phyllis Gabel.
 70550 *Room C.*
 P., Louis Himes.
 70551 *Room D.*
 P., Helen White.
 70552 *Room E.*
 P., Louis Cole.
 70553 *Room F.*
 P., Florence Little.
 70554 *Room G.*
 P., Colin Campbell.
 70555 *Room H.*
 P., Alma Hollander.
 70556 *Room I.*
 P., Ralph Glassford.
 70557 *Room J.*
 P., Tom McClelland.
 70558 *Room K.*
 P., Christine Bentley.
 70559 *Garfield School Bands.*
 Div. 1.
 P., Clarence Alford.
 70560 *Div. 2.*
 P., Myra Ingersoll.
 70561 *Div. 3.*
 P., Eda Pease.
 70562 *Div. 4.*
 P., Marion Welch.
 70563 *Div. 5.*
 P., Preston Hanna.
 70564 *Div. 6.*
 P., Dorothy Deuinel.
 70565 *Div. 7.*
 P., Carl Ostergreen.
 70566 *Roberts School Bands.*
 Room A.
 P., Ronald Peltier.
 70567 *Room B.*
 P., Alexander Gutman.
 70568 *Room C.*
 P., David Eder.
 70569 *Room D.*
 P., William Dyer.

NEWSPAPER CUTS.

Mrs. ex-President Cleveland is quoted as saying that "*a newspaper cut is the worst cut of all*," and our good wife, examining some of the cuts of our face that have recently appeared in some Boston dailies, has been led to quite agree with Mrs. Cleveland, but one cut representing us as fighting the battles of humanity, using as a lance a long and very sharp pen, much pleased her. It pleasantly reminded us of the old couplet:

"Three things hold mighty sway o'er men,
The sword, the sceptre, and the pen."

and we are glad to know that in the progress of civilization the time is coming when a charge of pens will be found vastly more effective than a charge of bayonets.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

HOW TO MAKE STRIKES IMPOSSIBLE.

A Malaga Manufacturer who was Followed to His Grave by About 30,000 of His Fellow-Citizens.

Some years ago, in behalf of our American Humane Education Society, we offered two prizes for the best plans of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and sent very widely over our own country and the world the two plans which won the prizes.

One of these pamphlets went to D. N. Burke, Esq., United States Consul at Malaga, Spain, and led him to write us how the difficulty had been solved in that city.

Mr. Burke's letter being too long for our columns we publish the following:

"It seems that there were two cotton mills in Malaga, *side by side*.

"In one during some 40 years they have been troubled with quarrels and strikes. In the other, employing about 2,000 operatives during about 40 years, there has been only peace, harmony, mutual respect and kindness.

"In Malaga to-day exists a very striking and practical working of what the law of kindness, as applied by an employer to employees, has effected."

* * * * *

"How during all these years, in which so many changes have taken place, there has been *no strike, no grumbling, no unrest, no complaints, no whisper of discontent?* Have higher wages been paid in this mill than in the other? *No.* Have the hours of labor been fewer? *No.* Has the work been less laborious or fatiguing than in the other? *No.* Is there a different class of persons employed in this mill than in the other? *No.* It is simply this: *Senor Don Carlos Larios*, the owner of the mill and the employer of the operatives, has applied the law of kindness to his employees. As every one says, he treated them well, he treated them kindly; he recognized that his employees were flesh and blood, as he was. He realized that when hurt they felt the pain, just as he would; when without food they were hungry, just as he would be. He, in fact, substituted the law of kindness for the practice of greed. If an employee was sick, he sent a doctor to look after him and paid for the necessary medicines. In case the employee's illness continued, he paid on recovery the wages the person would have received had he or she been at work during the time. In case of the death of the employee, the wages went to the family of the deceased, and besides, if the circumstances of the family were such as to require it, he defrayed the expenses of burial. When his operatives married he helped to 'set them up' in house-keeping by presenting to the married couple several household articles which are indispensable for those entering such a state. Extraordinary diligence and care on the part of the employee in his or her work, or greater activity displayed by an operative, was duly recompensed in some way at some time by the proprietor of the mill; and every operative being aware of this sought to do his very best."

* * * * *

"The operatives had no labor organization. They needed none. Through this law of kindness the business of the mill was conducted. Discord, dissatisfaction, discontent, unrest and strikes were not on the programme of this mill. They had no use for labor agitators. If an operative had any ground of complaint he went at once to *Senor Larios*.

"The two thousand employees loved *Don Carlos* as they would a father; and if anyone had spoken ill of him in the presence of any employee, the employee would have resented it as quickly as if the ill-spoken word were uttered about the employee himself.

"He sought to follow the teachings of the Divine Master in doing to others what he would that they should do to him, and so when at the age of 75 he went on the 21st of last January to his God, his body was followed to the cemetery by about 30,000 of Malaga's citizens."

We wish that every capitalist in America would imitate his example.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A PRIZE OF ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Our American Humane Education Society desires to secure the best story that can be written to make the rich and poor more kind to each other and so harmonize the disputes between capital and labor—a story which will be read with interest by both rich and poor, and for this purpose I offer in behalf of our American Humane Education Society a prize of *one thousand dollars* for the best story of the kind that shall be written. To receive the prize the story must be declared by critics carefully selected by us to be worth a thousand dollars. Each competition must be typewritten on stitched sheets, signed with a fictitious name and accompanied by a sealed letter giving the actual name and post-office address of the writer, which will not be opened until the decision has been made. All stories must be received at the offices of our American Humane Education Society, 19 Milk Street, Boston, on or before January 1, 1908, and on each of the envelopes must appear the prize offer for which it is written, as we have several prize offers which must be kept entirely separate.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

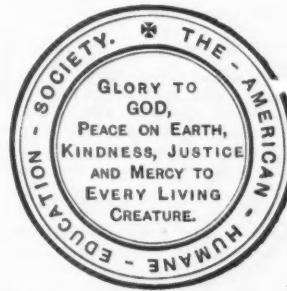
A SECOND PRIZE OF ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Our American Humane Education Society desires to secure the best story that can be written showing the folly and wickedness of international wars—a story which shall reach a circulation of millions and which we can make as useful in the prevention of wars as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was in preventing slavery and as "Black Beauty" is in preventing cruelty to horses. For this purpose I offer in behalf of our American Humane Education Society a prize of *one thousand dollars* for the best story of the kind that shall be written. To receive the prize the story must be declared by critics carefully selected by us to be worth a thousand dollars. Each competition must be typewritten on stitched sheets, signed with a fictitious name and accompanied by a sealed letter giving the actual name and post-office address of the writer, which will not be opened until the decision has been made. All stories must be received at the offices of our American Humane Education Society, 19 Milk Street, Boston, on or before January 1, 1908, and on each of the envelopes must appear the prize offer for which it is written, as we have several prize offers which must be kept entirely separate.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

GOD GIVE US MEN.

Men whom the spoils of office will not buy,
Men who have opinions and a will,
Men who have honor, men who will not lie.



The American Humane Education Society has on its roll over seventy-one thousand Bands of Mercy with between two and three millions members.

A THIRD PRIZE OF ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

As all our readers know, a colossal statue of Christ, erected by the contributions of the people of Chili and Argentina, now stands on the boundary line of the two countries, on one of the highest points of the Andes, as a perpetual reminder that never more shall there be any war between these two adjacent countries. Our American Humane Education Society desires to have a drama written which shall illustrate the history and teachings of this monument and be seen by thousands of theatrical and other audiences all over our country and elsewhere, and for this purpose I, in behalf of our American Humane Education Society, offer a prize of *one thousand dollars* for the best drama of the kind that shall be written. All persons wishing to compete can write me for information on the subject. To receive the prize the drama must be pronounced by three critics, carefully selected by us, to be deserving and likely to obtain wide presentation to theatrical and other audiences.

Each competition must be typewritten on stitched sheets, signed with a fictitious name and accompanied by a sealed letter giving the actual name and post-office address of the writer, which will not be opened until the decision has been made.

The winner of the prize will be entitled to receive for the drama the sum of one thousand dollars, or decline the prize and hold the drama as his or her own property. All dramas must be received at the offices of our American Humane Education Society, 19 Milk Street, Boston, on or before January 1, 1908, and on each of the envelopes must appear the prize offer for which it is written, as we have several prize offers which must be kept entirely separate.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

THE HUNTER.

O hunter, will I go with you,
With your buckskin suit and gun,
Killing God's creatures so recklessly,
And doing it all for fun?

No, no, not any for me, sir,
Slaughter is not in my line;
God put the dear creatures here, sir,
Killing is no mission of mine.

Chasing a doe o'er the mountains,
Killing a deer with a gun,
Shooting birds of bright plumage,
And all this, you say, for fun?

No, no, not any for me, sir,
Slaughter is not in my line;
God put the dear creatures here, sir,
Killing is no mission of mine.

From "You're Only One" and Other Poems by Benjamin F. Cobb, Kansas City, Mo.

"What we sow in the home and the school we reap in the nation."

Our Dumb Animals.

Receipts by the M. S. P. C. A. for May, 1907.

Fines and witness fees, \$199.20.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

A lover of animals, \$50; Margaret, Dorothy and Nita, Wellesley, Mass., \$11.50; Miss Eleanor S. Parker, \$10; Mrs. Daniel Merriman, \$10; C. F. Robinson, \$4; Nat. Blank Book Co., \$3; Mrs. S. B. Whiting, \$3; Mrs. Nathan Anthony, \$3; C. H. Walker, \$3; Band of Mercy No. 58,851, S. Lincoln, Mass., \$2.33.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Louis Prang, Miss Elizabeth S. Craft, E. W. Burdett, Mrs. Oliver I. Kimball, Mrs. Laura Fuller, Arthur P. Derby, Mrs. Henry Hayward, Mrs. A. C. Houghton, Mrs. H. G. Heywood, Miss Minnie L. Upton, Miss Mary F. Clark.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

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ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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